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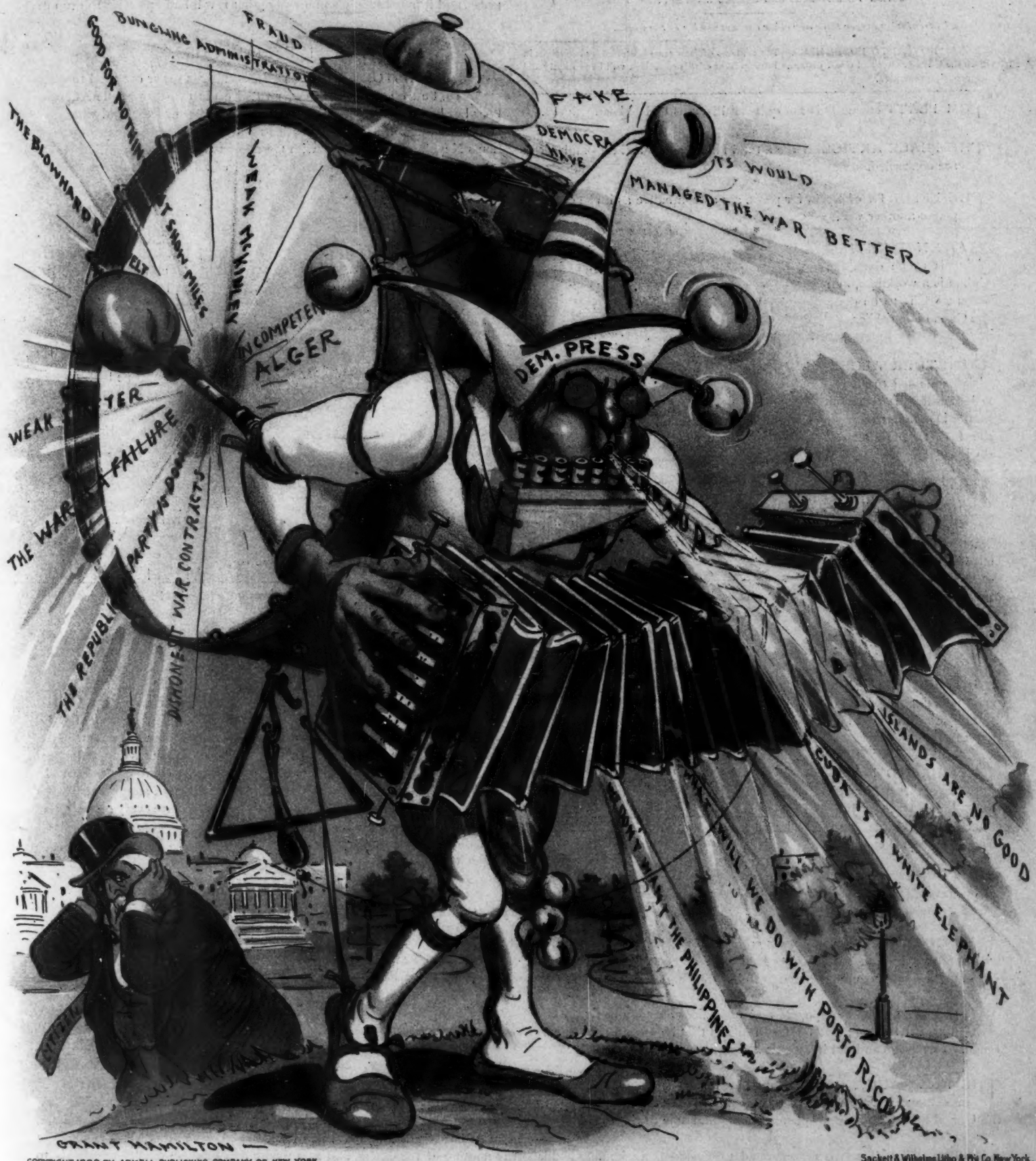

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Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Ptg. Co. New York.

AND HE-CALLS THIS PATRIOTIC MUSIC!

HE PLAYED THE SAME TUNES FOR LINCOLN AND GRANT THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

Judge

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☞ *Circulation larger than any other cartoon weekly in the world.*

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TOM PLATT evidently is not quite as Black as he has been painted.

* * *

THE PEACE ARTICLES are a total failure so far as Miles and Alger are concerned.

* * *

THE EFFORTS of Spain for peace are as combative as if she contemplated another war.

* * *

WHEN FIGHTING is to be done the Cuban is a workman, and when work is to be done the Cuban is a soldier.

* * *

WHETHER ALGER intended to supersede Shafter is a small matter in comparison with the fact that he didn't do it.

* * *

THEY TELL of a man who makes a living by swindling servant-girls. Now we do hope there hasn't been a resurrection of the old fenian organization.

* * *

WHEN ACTOR RADCLIFFE got out of prison he said, "I feel out of sight"; and it is a fact that he was in that condition exactly six months.

* * *

IT IS URGED by the Chicago *Times-Herald* that John Hay's "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches" be forgotten. Alas, that is impossible. They are too miserably bad.

* * *

WITH A RESUMPTION of Spanish power in the Philippines the old revolutions would unavoidably be resumed. Can this government afford to invite that slaughter?

* * *

WE MUST NOT say we have "whipped" Spain, thinks George W. Smalley, because it hurts her feelings. To be sure; and really we ought to have been courteous enough to let her whip us.

* * *

WRITERS for the newspapers and magazines are very bitter against General Shafter; but the fact remains that he engineered the surrender of Santiago and did it without any unnecessary loss of life.

* * *

THE NICARAGUA CANAL must be built, but no mere company must have the privilege of its ownership. That enterprise belongs to the United States, and the people are willing and able to pay for it.

* * *

MR. BAILEY of Texas is renominated to congress, proclaiming as his platform that the people of his district have no right to an opinion as to the question of territorial expansion. The trouble is that they believe in expansion and Joseph doesn't.

A FELLOW-FEELING.

FAIR CITY BOARDER—"Not only unromantic, Ethel, but positively *shocking!* The idea of the farmer going and putting an old empty lager-beer keg here to catch the clear cold water from that sparkling spring!"

WEARY WILLIE (*overhearing*)—"Yes, ladies; it reminds me uv dat sayin' in Shakespeare, 'To what base uses do we come at last.' Alas, poor old keg! I quite agree wid youse dat puttin' it to enny such service as dat is little short uv sacrilege."

THE SILENT MURPHY.

SENATOR MURPHY is chided by the Democratic Brooklyn *Eagle* for his failure to make speeches in the senate. It is due to the gentleman to say that he hasn't the gift of gab, but his silence is frequently suggestive and eloquent. It is also urged that he hasn't the gift of opinion; but do we not know that he voted for free silver?

IN THE HENCE.

CUBA will have two political parties, that of the Spanish and that of the insurgents. Perhaps some time in the far hence those opposing organizations will do their fighting with ballots instead of the machete. Meanwhile the United States will furnish a protectorate in the interest of peace, and it may become so necessary that it will be impossible to drop it.

TWO IMPERIAL CUBS.

"INSIDE HISTORY" has it that the Spaniards never expected to whip us, but went to war in order to save the throne for little Alfonso. Poor boy! How many lives were sacrificed in his interest, and what disgrace was voluntarily accepted by his nation and its chief representatives! Louis Napoleon went to war with Germany to get his boy on the French throne, and the result ought to be typical of all such barbarous experiments.

MATRIMONY IN MISSOURI.

MR. BUCKNER stood up to be married to Miss Reid in a church in Columbia, Missouri, when Miss Johnson interrupted the nuptials. She insisted that Buckner should not marry until he had signed a paper binding himself to make her his second wife. He did so and the ceremony went on. This method of tardy half-justice to a wronged woman cannot be recommended, but it may be better than shooting or going to law.

WHAT! ANOTHER?

A PAPER suggests a public holiday, to be continued year by year, in honor of our victory over Spain. Well, let it come. It has long been patent to most of us that there is too much work and too little play in this world, and perhaps it would be well to have no work at all. Why not simplify matters and have every day a holiday, with the exception of Sunday, which is necessarily more or less restfully adapted to other purposes? Down with work! Let us all be idle, noisy and happy.

WHY NOT HAVE PEACE?

THE SCHEME of the czar in behalf of universal peace is pronounced utopian. If it is, the world takes to itself credit for barbarism. Let us laugh at this impossibility, but reflect that, after all, peace is better than war, and to the men who have to do the butchering and dying it is not pleasant. Once a Russian emperor proposed that the sovereigns fight out their differences between themselves. He was laughed at, and subsequently assassinated; but from every logical point of view his method of settlement was both humane and just.

A SUFFERING SOUL.

PROFESSOR NORTON feels his responsibility too much. As the manager of the larger part of the universe he is naturally sensitive, and the mistakes that are occurring every day vex his soul. It must be admitted that there is great room for improvement in this world alone, to say nothing of the others, and as a tender and humane man the professor is unable to overlook the disagreeable fact. Perhaps if he would take a smoke he would feel better; but there! the tobacco necessary to that consummation is, like everything else, simply detestable.

AN OBJECT-LESSON.

MR. GOTROX—"But you are a poor man, and my daughter has been accustomed to every conceivable luxury. Do you think she could stand such a change?"
IMPECUNIOUS LOVER—"Certainly, sir. Just see how readily those rich Rough Riders took to hard-tack and bacon."

OVERCOMING A DIFFICULTY.

1. MR. JONSING—"May Ah hab de pleasyah ob de nex' waltz, Miss Beebee?"
MISS BEEBEE (*doubtfully*)—"Ef yo' fink hit kin be managed, Mistah Jonsing."

2. MR. JONSING—"Whar dar am er will, Miss Beebee, dar am allus er way."

A SEPTEMBER SONG.

THE stars were twinkling diamond-bright,
An incandescent arc
That glistened on the brow of night
And diademed the dark,
When from the far horizon's rim
Arose the lover's boon,
In azure seas it seemed to swim,
The yellow harvest moon.

Around a farm-house on the hill
The mellow moonbeams played,
The lazy watch-dog, fearing ill,
In abject terror bayed;
But down the worn path's beaten track
A maid came tripping soon,
And at the gate kept tryst with Jack,
Beneath the harvest moon.

A hollyhock bent low its head,
Eavesdropping all the while,
To hear the words of love they said,
And see each look, each smile.
But in its heart it blessed them both
When love's bells chimed in tune
And Jack and Betty pledged their troth
Beneath the harvest moon.

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

ONE COMFORT FOR HER.

NO MATTER what may hap to Spain,
Defeated though she be,
Without her fleets it's very plain
She can't be all at sea.

EASILY CONSTRUCTED.

First Spaniard—"At any rate, America can never deprive us of our glorious traditions."
Second Spaniard—"No; and even if it should we have the talent requisite to make plenty more of them."

THE SMOKELESS VARIETY.

Waggles—"This war has shown that powder should be unlike a child."
Jaggles—"What in the world do you mean?"
Waggles—"It should be heard but not seen."

Photo. by Hall.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

PAULINE TRAIN.

Nay, nay, Pauline! 'tis not dispraise,
In the fashion of these days,
To be hailed for what you are—
A "continuous" twinkling star.
Whether you rise or not, you will
Elevate the vaudeville.

OUR RESISTLESS COLUMNS.

Farmer Yapp—"I tell ye, they do wars up in a hurry these days. They don't let 'em drag along like they did a century ago."

Farmer Yawp—"No; they didn't have these here big papers in New York then."

MORE OF A BAPTIST.

THAT Spain is a Catholic nation we know,
But somewhat we doubt the assertion;
For to judge by the end that her squadrons have met,
Her practice is total immersion.

TO AN AUTUMN LEAF.

I GAZE on thee, oh autumn leaf.
How like thou art to man!
The long green was thine own in truth
When summer first began.

But now, when fled those joyous days,
And winds begin to grieve,
Thy fate and man's are just the same—
Thy trunk thou hast to leave.

MC LANDBURGH WILSON.

DIDN'T GET HER SHARE.

Mrs. Newcomb (as she puts down the family paper, fondly to her husband)—"Oh, Herbert, if I could only read such a lovely obituary notice in the paper about you as I've just read about a man down in Pittston! Somehow, blessings seem to me awfully unevenly divided nowadays."

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

WEARY WILLIE (*politely*)—"Do you take summer boarders here, ma'am?"

MRS. FARMER (*suspiciously*)—"No, sir; we do not."

WEARY WILLIE—"Den I guess I'll trouble you fer a bite to eat. I'm a little pertickiler on de grub question and can't stand de stuff dey feed to summer-boarders no how."

LAUGHING IN HIS SLEEVE.

DID NOT BELONG THERE.

WHILE Willie was sleeping his mother had curled his hair for the first time. As soon as he became awake she lifted him up before the looking-glass.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed the little fellow quickly, "let me get down and shake off the shavings."

SAVED

Little Tommy (sliding down the roof)—"Oh, Lord, save me! Don't let me slide off the—never mind, Lord; I kotched on a nail."

ARTISTIC ARITHMETIC.

Customer—"How much will you charge for coloring and finishing these two photographs?"

Artist—"Ten dollars apiece and twenty-five dollars for the two."

Customer—"Is not that rather queer arithmetic?"

Artist—"Oh, yes; that's artistic arithmetic?"

Customer—"Does it often win?"

Artist—"Always. The patron is always persuaded that such eccentricity in mathematics is sure evidence of artistic genius."

MODERN INSTANCES.

TOO many cooks spoil the policeman's digestion.

The rolling tire gathers many a tack.

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady, but the rich old fellow with one lung captures many a beautiful girl.

Put a beggar on a bike and he rides to the second-hand dealer's.

Uneasy rests the tooth that wears a crown.

Make a hobby-horse of your bicycle and it will ride you to death.

The thirsty man grasps at a straw.

Charity covers a multitude of fads.

Revenge may be sweet, but it leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

JAMES JAY O'CONNELL.

LOST HER PASS.

BOY (*on extreme right of picture, to sister*)—W'ot have yer did wid de pennies w'ot I giv' yer ter save fer de ice-cream?"
SISTER—"Ow—boo—hoo—hoo—I put 'em in me mout' fer safety, an' I've swallered 'em. Boo—hoo—hoo!"

BREAKING ABOUT EVEN.

"I UNDERSTAND that Mr. Rosenbaum's twenty-five-hundred-dollar mare ran away, broke her leg, and had to be shot," said the new reporter to Mr. Rosenbaum's business partner.

"Yes," answered the partner dryly.

"And that his mother-in-law, who was in the carriage at the time, was thrown out and seriously injured?"

"Yes; she died an hour afterward."

"What! dead? Dear me! I suppose Mr. Rosenbaum is all broke up about it?"

"Vell, no; Mr. Rosenbaum seems to be almost reconciled. Of course he vishes it vas a cheaper horse; but, den, he t'inks dot, everyt'ing considered, he broke about even."

WAR AND WHITTLING.

"I SUPPOSE," said the coffee drummer, "that the excitement over the war has all died out, even in this rather backward neck of the woods?"

"Oh, yes," replied the grocer of Basswood corners. "Lots of the men don't even bring their pocket-knives with them any more when they come to the store evenings."

HIS LAST ENGAGEMENT.

"SHOT through the heart was Private Jones;
The path was steep and narrow"—
Nay, reader, do not shed a tear;
The shot was Cupid's arrow.

HIS SUPERIOR POINT.

She—"At last I acknowledge man's superiority. I am cured of my independent notions and will marry you whenever you wish."

He—"My own darling! The woman's clubs have left you uncorrupted. The test of the nineteenth century has left you unscathed."

She—"Yes, it may be that. I don't deny that it is. But what did the work was the masterly way in which a man applies the collar-button to the band."

REMEMBERING HIS CAT-ECHISM.
"For what I am about to receive, oh Lord, make me truly thankful."

SAT ON 'EM HARD.

"TWO hundred years ago," said the high-born hidalgo, "the sun never set on Spanish possessions."

"That's true," replied the returned naval officer; "but other countries have since then."

WHAT CAUSED THE FIRST COOLNESS.
MR. NEWLYWED (*reading*)—"Nobody ever yet saw a dead mule."
MRS. NEWLYWED (*who is thinking of something else and not listening*)—"Don't you think your life-insurance premiums are a waste of money, John?"

A WALKING-MACHINE.

"TO WHAT do you attribute your great ability as a pedestrian?" was asked of the man who had walked around the world and back in one year and ten days on a wager of fifty thousand dollars, as advertised, and who was now resting himself in a dime-museum at a salary of eight dollars per week, as not advertised.

"To always riding a fifteen-dollar installment bicycle," answered the man of truth calmly.

"Ah! and how is that?"

"Why, my machine always used to break down when I'd get about a thousand miles out in the country of a Sunday and I'd have to walk home with it."

A BLUFF THAT FAILED.

IT WAS an inspection trip over a railroad beyond the Mississippi, and a large number of the high-salaried men were aboard. And among them was one, whose name we will call Jim, who did not get the salary he expected later on, and who in the meanwhile had a family to support. When a game of poker was announced he did not want to play; but the others insisted, and he went in for blood. For a time he lived several years in an hour, but after a while the sun began to shine through the clouds and things came his way. The play was pretty stiff and was getting stiffer, and Jim trembled in the fear that the tide might turn again and leave him helplessly bankrupt. There was only one thing to do, and that was to quit. But how? He could not stand the usual charge of "cold feet." Something better than that was wanted. The plan dawned upon him and, excusing himself a moment, he got a telegraph blank and hurriedly wrote:

"Confidential. Jones, Blank junction. Wire me on special at Dashtown that it is absolutely necessary for me to stop off your station. Jim R."

Then he went back to the game and nursed his pile with consummate prudence. Finally the train reached Dashtown, and Jim was nervous in spite of himself; but finally he saw the boy bringing in the message, and when he came to his side Jim was so immersed in the game that he pretended not to see him. At last, with magnificent disdain, he said, "Oh, don't bother me. Read it to me."

And the boy broke the seal and read:

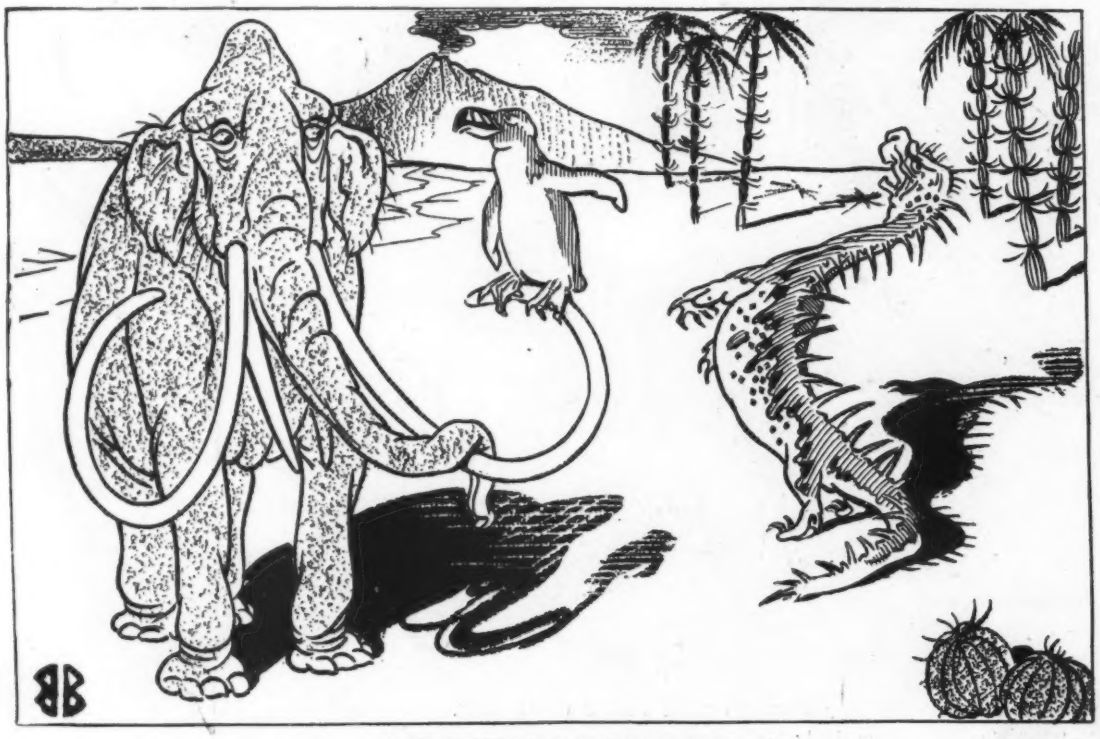
"Your wire to Jones, Blank station, asking him to wire you that absolutely necessary for you to stop at Blank junction received, but Jones not in office. What shall we do?"

And Jim has never played poker since, and he is on another road.

COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HER.

JACK—"I don't see why you call her a queer girl just because she told you to see her papa when you proposed."

ALGY—"Ya-as: but perhaps you don't know that her papa has been dead foh five yeahs."



A PREHISTORIC PREDICAMENT.

MASTODON—"What's the Ornitherincus Paradoxus so angry about?"

GREAT AUK—"He can't remember how to spell his name."

A PUMPKIN CAMEO.

By Little Tommy.

UPON the tawny pumpkin
I cut a grinning face,
And inside put a candle
That shows each queer grimace.

It looks grotesquely happy,
And in a little while
It seems to gayly ripple
Into a great big smile.

Which illustrates my feelings
When 'neath the autumn sky
I whirl myself serenely
Around the pumpkin-pie.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

AMPLE EXPERIENCE.

Officer—"You wish to enlist in the navy?"

Applicant—"Yes."

Officer—"Have you had any experience -- have you ever been to sea?"

Applicant—"No, sir; but for the last two years I have made ten trips each day on the Broadway cable-cars."

TOAST TO BROWN EYES.

Where amber-darkened billows chase across the fields of rye
With melody and laughter—even now and then a sigh—
They hint of after pleasures, when the resurrected grain
Shall bubble in the spirit—and fill up the glass again!
Oh, luscious dew of potent charm! thy color is thy crown,
But thou canst never warm my heart like Theckla's eyes of brown.
My Theckla's eyes of haunting depths, so pensive and so true,
Were borrowed from the twilight where it browns the distant view;
Enhallowed by the vespers' sweetly reminiscent mood,
Illumined with the shimmer of the midnight's starry brood.

GAVIN PAYNE.

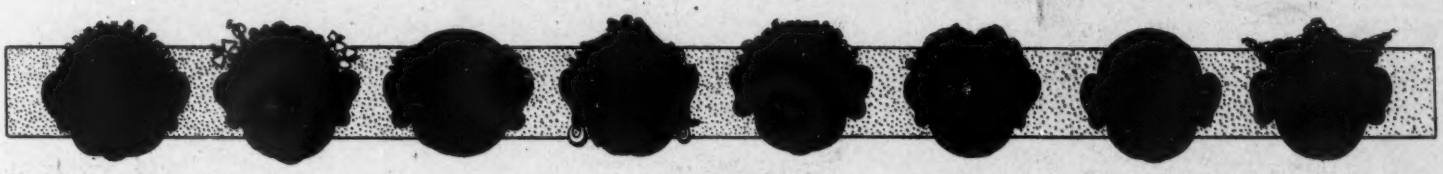
AN IMPROPER POSITION.

Spanish general (describing a battle in Cuba)—"Yes, we fired one volley and the Americans ran like tomcats."

Bystander—"And then I suppose you poured a pretty hot fire into their backs."

Spanish general—"No. Er—er—you see, the fact is that we were in front of them."

"Why, Molly! where did you get that beautiful ring?"
"That's my engagement-ring."



DO THEY?
Do these sleepy pickaninnies want some——

——watermelon?

MIGHT HAVE GOT A HARLEM FLAT.

"BUT why," inquired the dissatisfied Spaniard, "didn't we occupy New York?"

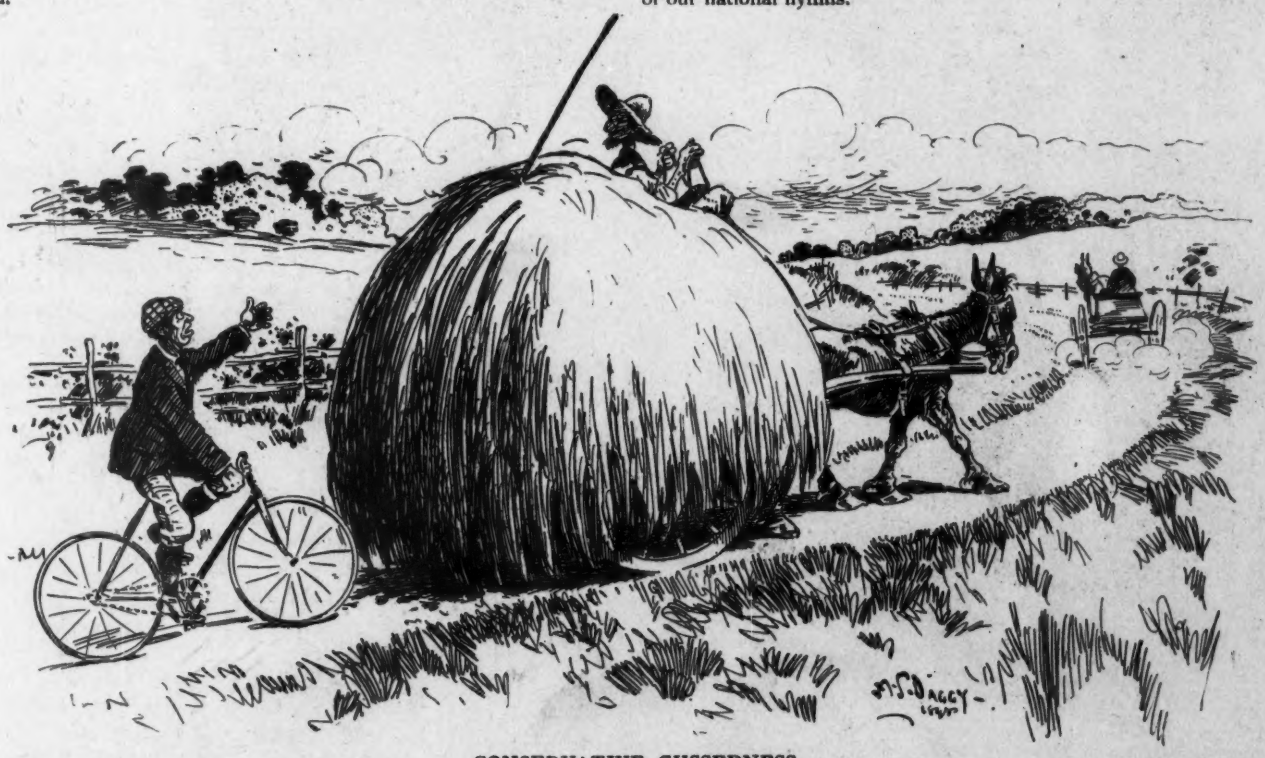
"Well," replied the Spanish officer, "we did intend to, but at the last moment we received information that—er—er—that the city was already occupied."

NEW NATIONAL HYMN.

"DO YOU know," remarked Mrs. Darley, "I rather wish that the report would prove true that the United States is to buy Greenland?"

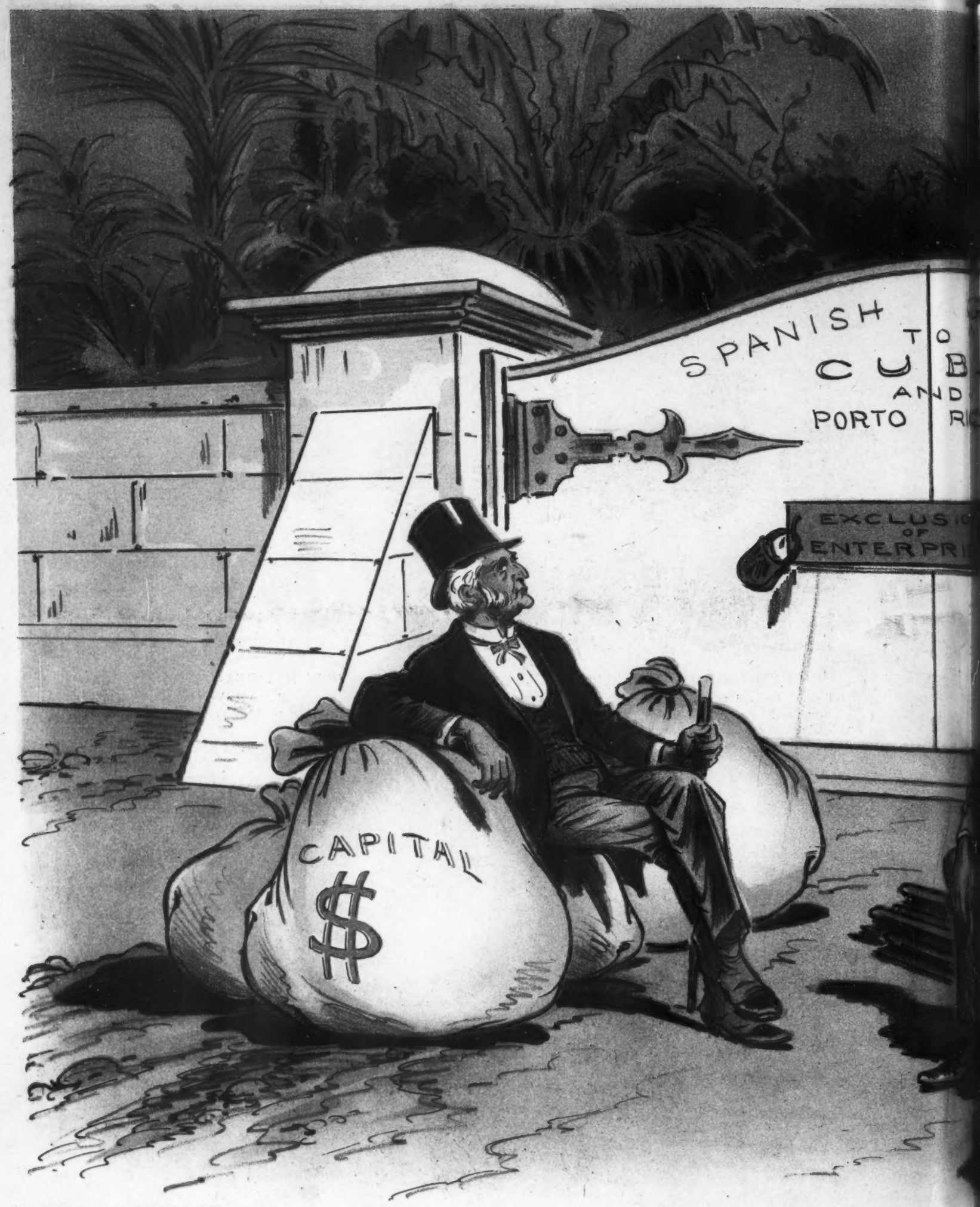
"Why?" asked her husband.

"In that case 'From Greenland's icy mountains' would become one of our national hymns."



CONSERVATIVE CUSSEDNESS.

BIKER (*blocked by load of hay*)—"Hay, there! pull out and let me by."
FARMER—"Oh, I dunno ez I'm in enny hurry."
BIKER (*angrily*)—"You seemed in a hurry to let that other fellow's carriage get past."
FARMER—"That's 'cause his horse wuz eatin' my hay. Thar hain't no danger o' *yew* eatin' it."



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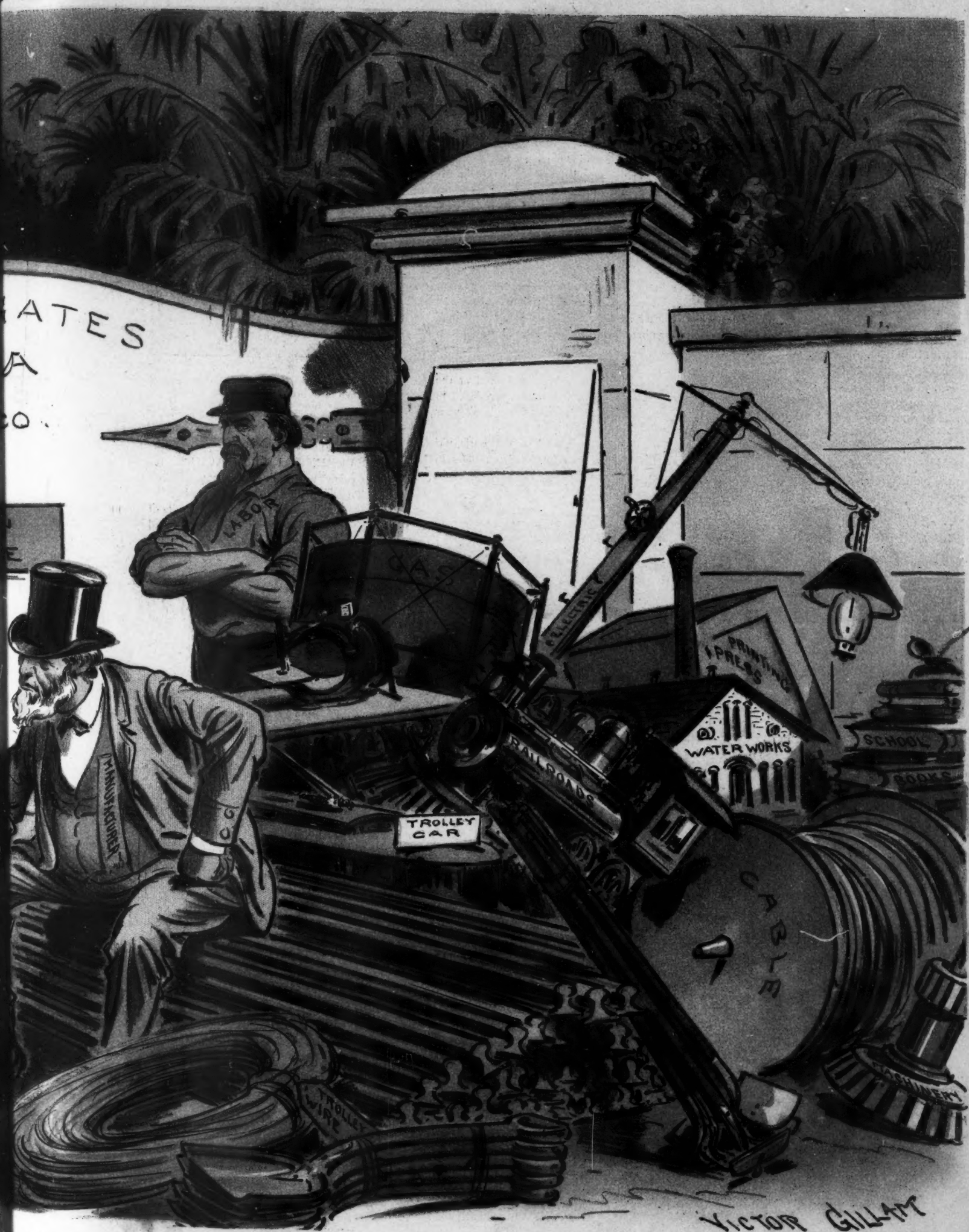
WAITING FOR THE GAT



HE GATES TO OPEN.

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Ptg. Co. New York.

WHAT HE HAD IN HIS GRIP.

"THERE," said the good old business man in an undertone to his junior partner, "is the very boy I've been looking for—just such a chap as *I* was when *I* first came to New York—one of those sterling country boys who says his prayers every night and morning and always carries a bible in his gripsack."

The lad referred to was a common, every-day sort of country boy, with clear, blue eyes, an honest, sun-burned face and horny, toil-worn hands. He had strolled modestly into the senior partner's private office, grip, umbrella and all, and had cheerfully applied for a position in the cashier's department. The scent of new-mown hay was yet upon his clothes, and an aroma of recently digested hay diffused itself quite promiscuously from his boot-heels.

Turning toward this sterling product of the hill and dale, the good old business man said kindly, "So you want a job, eh? What have you in your grip?"

"Wa-al, sir," answered the boy slowly, and dwelling with evident relish upon each article, "I've got two pairs uv silk pajamas, a pair uv yaller shoes, a pair uv patent-leather shoes, six pair uv yaller stockings with green and black stripes, four pink shirts and one blue shirt, a green necktie with blue dots, a alligator belt with a silver buckle on it, a white yachting-cap and a pair of golf-stockings."

"Yes, yes," said the good old business man solemnly, and evidently a little staggered at the fin-de-siècle wardrobe of a country boy up to date, "but what else have you there—far down in the corner of your grip—what have you there worth more than all the rest—that little book your mother gave you at parting, and"——

"Wa-al," interrupted the country boy as he slowly and deliberately closed his left optic, "if it's any uv your dum business, I've got me mother's pocket-book there, with forty-seven dollars in it; but the old lady didn't give it to me—well, hardly. I swiped it on the stingy old lady the night I skipped."

How the boys of the eighth curl their mustaches when in fighting trim.

HIS WINTER RESORT.

I WAS out at the seashore all summer,
And much I have reason to fear,
Since so much of my stipend was swallowed,
I'll be out at the elbows all year.

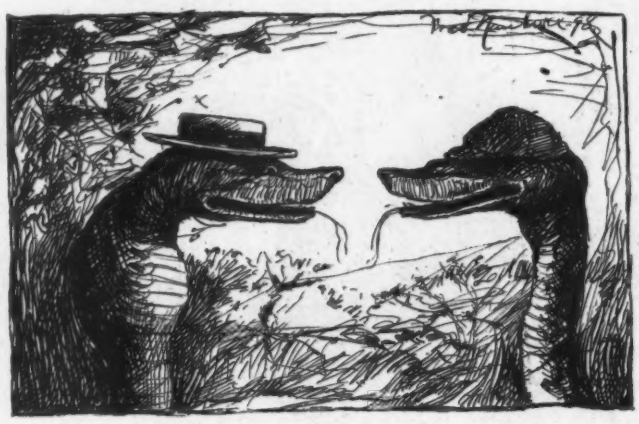
THE WAY TO DO IT.

Griggs—"Pshaw! those Spaniards couldn't hit the side of a barn."

Grinkam—"Oh, yes; I know of one of them who did."

Griggs—"He did? How 'd he do it?"

Grinkam—"He stood inside of the barn and tried to fire at some Americans through an open doorway."



"Well, Pete, what's the matter with your voice?"
"Oh, I've got a frog in my throat."

GIVING A BLESSING.

"REVEREND BILLWHACKER received a present of a dressed chicken Tuesday. Wednesday a church brother from out of town brought his family of five to eat dinner at the parsonage, and they were a little puzzled when the parson said grace."

"What did he say?"

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away."

AT THE SEASHORE.

I MET a little summer girl
Of eighteen years, she said.
Her hair was somewhat out of curl
Around her pretty head.

She had a calm New-Yorky air,
Though she was outing-clad;
Her eyes were fair, with a frank stare
That somehow made me mad.

"How many men are here this year?
How many may there be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And gayly winked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven there are;
Two of them to the Klondike sailed
And three have gone to war."

"You say that three have gone to war
And two have sailed the sea,
Yet there are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

"One," she continued, "comes to-night,
One left this morn at ten;
And yet, sir, I am sure I'm right—
The count is seven men."

"Explain yourself, my bonny maid.
I cannot understand
How you may claim these wanderers
Who rove o'er sea and land."

She waved her hands before my eyes
(The pretty, dimpled things!)
And on them, to my great surprise,
Shone seven diamond rings.

"And so, you see," the maiden said,
"They will come back to me.
And there are seven; what matter, then
Where each of them may be?"

CAROLYN WELLS

THE END OF THEIR LAY.

HEN RIETTA (*reading sign on store*)—"I say, ducky, how insignificant that sign makes us appear! An egg or two is our limit."

COMRADES OF THE KLONDIKE.

Have you too banged at the Chilkoot,
That storm-locked gate to the golden door?
These thunder-built steeps have words built to suit,
And whether you prayed or whether you swore
'Twere one, where it seemed that an oath were a prayer—
Seemed that God couldn't care;
Seemed that God wasn't there!

Have you too climbed to the Klondike?
Hast talked as a friend to the five-horned stars?
With muckluc shoon and with tolspike
Hast bared gray head to the golden bars.
Those heaven-built bars, when morning is born?
Hast drank with Maiden Morn
From Klondike's golden horn?

Hast read, low-voiced, by the north lights
Such sermons as never men say?,
Hast sat and sat with the midnights
That sit and that sit all day?
Hast heard the iceberg's boom on boom?
Hast heard the silence, the room?
The glory of God? the gloom?

Then come to my Sunland, my soldier—
Aye, come to my heart, and to stay;
For better crusader or bolder
Bared never breast to the fray.
And whether you prayed or whether you cursed,
You dared the best—and worst—
That ever brave man durst
—*Joaquin Miller in San Francisco Examiner.*

Do you like a dry champagne? Try *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry.* Its flavor is unrivaled and it is perfectly pure.

When the mercury is soaring
'Way up to ninety-four I
Would like to be on Greenland's
Intensely frappèd shore. I
Would sit beside the window
In an Eskimosian palace
And snicker at the heat from
The aurora borealis.
—*Baltimore American.*

"He lets me have good tobacco."
—BEN JONSON.

How particular are you about your pipe tobacco? Is the price an object?—there are hundreds of cheap kinds. Is the quality an object? One kind is perfection!

Yale Mixture

A Gentleman's Smoke

is made for fastidious smokers who appreciate its pleasant flavor and unvarying excellence.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.

SOHMER & CO.,

Piano Manufacturers

New York Warerooms, SOHMER BUILDING FIFTH AVENUE, COR. 22D STREET.

He thought it safer to write to the girl's father for her hand. He was an ardent lover, but a poor speller, and his note ran, "I want your daughter—the flour of your family." "The flour of my family is good," replied the old man. "Are you sure it isn't my dough you're after?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Uncle Sam should provide his soldiers going to Cuba and Manila with a bottle of Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS. A panacea against fevers, dysentery, etc.

"You know that Millicent Gunn engaged herself to four men this summer?" "Yes; she said she did." "Well, they've all broken with her." "What one began it?" "None; they sent her a round robin."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Everybody uses salt. You have it on your own table. You find it on every restaurant or hotel table — it is necessary for the enjoyment of your meals. The well man and the dyspeptic use salt. If you have indigestion, you select your dinner with the greatest care, in the hope that what you eat will not distress you. If you could, by using salt, eat anything you choose without fear of indigestion, your life would be worth living. Pepsalt has made this possible, as Pepsalt is simply the best of table-salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances. You cannot tell it from salt, either, in looks or taste.

Spanish honor seems to be something closely resembling what we call scrofula in this country.—*West Union (Iowa) Gazette.*

Evans' Ale

Looks Good.
Tastes Good
and IS Good.

It DOES Good

because it is all that a grand old ale should be—Smooth, Sound, Sparkling, Nappy.

EVERYWHERE!!

Arnold Constable & Co

Upholstery.

Velour Glace,

Tapestry Silk Damask,

for Curtains and Furniture Covering.

Real Lace Curtains.

Arabian, Marie Antoinette, Brussels and Renaissance.

Tamboured Lace and Muslin

for Sash Curtains.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK.

They may sing of the heroes of land and of sea,
The men of official posish;
May load them with honors of dazzling degree,
Just all their ambition could wish;
But none of these heroes of sword and of spur
Can dazzle the yankee girl's eye.
The hero of heroic heroes to her
Is the fellow she kissed a good-bye.
—*Denver Post.*

YOUR NAME IS SECURE under a perfectly transparent and indestructible handle if you purchase **A NOVELTY KNIFE**

Senator Style (same size as cut), No. 118, 2 blades, $1.20; No. 120, 3 blades, $1.60; No. 122, 4 blades, $1.85.

On the other side, photos of celebrities; Dewey, Schley, or anybody; yourself or friends if you send the photos. A written warranty given with every knife. Best of materials and workmanship makes Novelty Knives perfect. **Excellent novelty for high-grade advertising.** Send stamp for circular. **Agents Wanted.**

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 11 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

"I don't know what I'd have done," said the Santiago Spaniard, "if it hadn't been for that optimistic friend of mine." "He encouraged you to hold out to the bitter end?" "No. When we were tired and hungry he was always saying, 'Cheer up; we'll be conquered in a few days.'"—*Washington Star.*

Uncle Silas—"Samanthy, we've hit it this year." *Aunt Samantha*—"Haow, Silas?" *Uncle Silas*—"This here fashion paper says swell ladies in the city will wear diamonds on all social occasions and not less than a dozen carrots to balls and the opery."—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

Mrs. Kedick—"Oh, dear, oh, dear! I have never had so much trouble in my life. It does seem to me that everything has gone wrong since I opened my eyes this morning." *Mr. Kedick*—"What's the matter, my dear?" *Mrs. Kedick*—"I'm trying to get things fixed for the meeting of the don't-worry club at our house to-night."—*Rochester Sunday Herald.*

Observer—"Do you think that you can ever learn to ride a wheel?" *Beginner*—"Indeed I do. After the difficulties I have surmounted in getting one I feel competent to accomplish anything."—*Somerville Journal.*

A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the World.

THE CLUB COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions the one which is aged must be the better.

Try our YORK Cocktail made without any sweetening—dry and delicious.

For Sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.,

39 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK

Easy Shaving

can only be possible when the beard is thoroughly softened, so that the razor can cut easily and without "pulling."

Luxurious Shaving

is only possible when the lather is rich, cream-like, soothing and does not dry on the face, and when you know that the soap is absolutely pure. Ease, Luxury and Safety are all attained when **Williams' Soaps Are Used.** They have been the Favorites with generations of Shavers.

They are the "ONLY REAL" SHAVING SOAPS.

WILLIAMS' SOAPS—in principal forms—Sold by Dealers everywhere.

Luxury Shaving Tablet. 25c.

Round—just fits the cup. Delicate perfume.

"Genuine Yankee" Soap. 10c.

Oldest and most famous shaving soap in the world.

Williams' Shaving Stick. 25c.

Williams' Shaving Soap. (Barbers.)

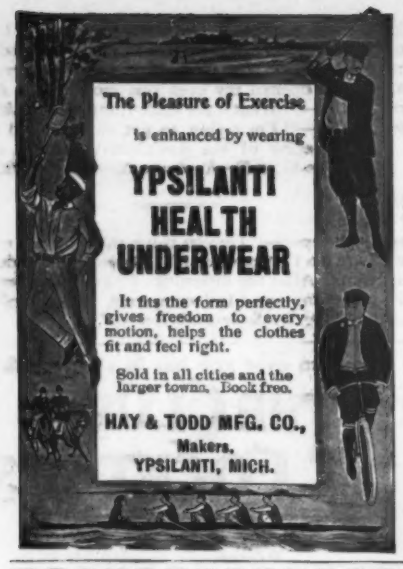
This is the kind your barber should use. Exquisite also for Toilet and Bath. Used in thousands of the best families. Sure cure for "chapped hands." Six cakes in a package, 40c. Trial sample for 2c. stamp.

If your dealer fails to supply you—we mail these soaps to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price.

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct., U.S.A.

London: 64 Great Russell St., W. C. Sydney, Australia: 161 Clarence St.

Williams' Glycerated Tar Soap, 15c.



When Della brings her chafing-dish
To make an oyster stew
It bubbles once—a hasty stir,
And lo! the task is through.
My share I eat with relish, and
I neither smile nor grin.
Dear Della's mother made that stew
Ere Della brought it in.
—*Springfield Republican.*

Helen—"What do you think of Kate's new tea-gown?" *Mattie*—"It was made rather stylish; but didn't you think the colors rather weak?" *Helen*—"Yes; they matched her tea very nicely."—*Chicago News.*

Small boy (looking up from history)—"Papa, the union soldiers were paid thirteen dollars a month. Seems to me that's awful small when a congressman is paid thirteen dollars a day. Why ain't soldiers paid as much as congressmen?" *Papa*—"Soldiers, my son, do not fix their own salaries."—*New York Weekly.*

Fine Blooded Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Poultry, Sporting Dogs. Send stamps for catalogues. 150 engravings.
N. P. BOYER & CO., Coatesville, Pa.

Make Your Best Choice
Of the Purest Stimulant,
Ripened by Age and Mellow, by selecting always
Somerset Club Maryland Rye.
Used by Families, Clubs, Cafés and Hotels.
EDW. B. BRUCE & CO., *BALTIMORE, MD.*
TRADE MARK

FARMER'S WIFE—"Bless your life, sir! Fresh eggs? There is not such a thing in the country."
LADY CYCLIST—"Why?"
FARMER'S WIFE—"Because the hens are all actin' very queer of late, sir! They do nothin' from morn till night but flyin' on the paling an' learnin' to crow."
—*Fun.*

EAGLE LIQUEURS.

The Only Truly American Production.

PERFECT DISTILLATION.
ABSOLUTE PURITY.
SUPERIOR TO ANY IMPORTED.

ABSINTHE, CURACAO, MARASCHINO, ANISETTE, KÜMMEL, CRÈME DE MENTHE, CRÈME DE CACAO, ETC., ETC.

Sedative, Digestive, Nutritive.

Rheinstrom Bros., Cincinnati,
DISTILLERS AND EXPORTERS.
ESTABLISHED 1876.
HIGHEST AWARDS.

AMERICA'S GREATEST ADVERTISER.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY.
Copyright by Rockwood.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY,

when he signed the declaration of war with Spain, gave an order to spend *One Billion Dollars* in advertising the greatness and grandeur of the United States, its vastness and resourcefulness, its superiority over every other nation of the earth.

THE APPROPRIATION WAS WELL SPENT.

"We have got our money's worth," and, as with all good advertising, the returns will be immense. As a result of this expenditure every business concern that is wide-awake will benefit, as we have entered upon the longest period of real prosperity within the memory of men of the present generation.

Judge BEFORE AND DURING THE WAR

carried more advertising than any other weekly periodical. Its records show that it has never lost its lead in this respect. This has been due to the fact that its advertising end is run as much for the benefit of the advertiser as the publisher—live and let live, and make the advertising pay *both*. This policy will be continued, its resources in the way of originating and preparing advertisements—both type and illustrated—being at the service of its patrons.

Judge IN THE FUTURE

will, as in the past, be unconquerably American, progressively Republican, instructive, entertaining, sarcastic, humorous.
Card of rates or other information upon request.

ARKELL PUBLISHING CO.,
110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MONTEBELLO BRUT 1880—Finest and oldest Champagne on the market.

Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. NO-TO-BAC removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket-book. 50 cents. 1,500,000 boxes sold. 400,000 cases cured. Buy NO-TO-BAC from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, $1, usually cures; 3 boxes, $2.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

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THE GRAPHOPHONE.

When you get a talking-machine get one on which you can record as well as reproduce sound.

The Graphophone is the greatest and best talking-machine. Other so-called talking machines reproduce only records of cut-and-dried subjects made in laboratories. The Graphophone, besides affording marvelous entertainment by reproducing brilliantly and clearly the music of bands, orchestras, popular singers, and all the great variety of records made for entertainment purposes, affords infinite personal delight through its power of instantly recording and reproducing at once and as often as desired songs sung to it, words spoken to it, or any sound made before it.

Graphophones are sold for $10 and up.

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IN THE LEAD!

Thirty years' experience, the best materials, and the finest finish have put it there.

RAWSON'S

Saratoga and U.S. Army Suspensory

AND EVERY OTHER KIND KNOWN.

A CURE FOR LAME BACK.

Sold everywhere, or from manufacturer,

S. E. G. RAWSON,

Dept. G. Saratoga, N. Y.

FOLLIES OF THE WISE MEN.

A man is a fool in his youth, my son,
And none is wise till his course be run;
For a woman's eyes or a gleam of gold
Will dazzle his wits till he's old—so old!
And the flirt of a skirt or the thrill of a song
Will soften his heart for long—so long!
And a woman's sighs or a woman's tears
Will make him a slave for years and years.

A man is a fool at worst—and best—
And his life is a grim and a guilty jest,
With a gush of joy or a gasp of pain,
And the round of his labor, and over again;
But his toil grows less and his griefs depart
When he feels the throb of a comrade heart,
And his life is a beautiful vision while
He lives in the light of a loved one's smile.

A man is a fool, for his pride and greed
Will take him beyond the farthest need,
And the bauble of wealth or the bubble fame
Will he seek to his grief or lasting shame;
But a woman's love is of all the earth
Man's rightful gift and of greatest worth,
And who studies the world in his dear love's eyes
Is happy indeed and wise—so wise!

—*Chicago Record.*

Abbott's—The Original Angostura Bitters—synonym for health and happiness.

A young woman in Manitou, Colorado, asks the Denver *Post*, "Would it be in good taste for me to wear tights in amateur theatricals?" This seems to be not so much a matter of good taste as of good form.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

"What is the price of Dobbins's Electric Soap?" "Five cents a bar, full size; just reduced from ten. Hasn't been less than ten for thirty-three years." "Why, that's the price of common brown soap. Send me a box. I can't afford to buy any other soap after this."

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding, Ulcerated and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Sold by druggists. Sent by mail, 50c. and $1.00 per box.

WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

Admiral Sampson

On the Bridge of the Flag-ship "New York."

The very Best Picture of the Admiral that has been published.

Sent by mail on receipt of

10 Cents.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY,

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Genuine Barrios Diamonds $1.00 each

(TRADE MARK.)

ARE EQUAL TO REAL DIAMONDS AS TO LOOKS AND WEAR.

We are the sole agents in the United States for these marvellous semi-precious stones, which are the nearest approach to Genuine Diamonds ever discovered. For the purpose of introducing them quickly to the public we will forward either

Ring, Pin or Stud $1.00 EACH, Earrings are $2 per pair.

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A BEAUTIFUL, BRILLIANT, GENUINE BARRIOS DIAMOND MOUNTED IN A HEAVY RING, PIN, OR STUD WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS UPON RECEIPT OF $1.00 EACH, EARRINGS $2 PAIR.

IF GOODS ARE NOT AS REPRESENTED, MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.

IN ORDERING, STATE WHETHER SMALL, MEDIUM OR LARGE STONE IS DESIRED.

WE WILL FORFEIT $1000.00 IF IT CAN BE SHOWN THAT WE HAVE EVER REFUSED TO REPLACE A STONE THAT DID NOT GIVE SATISFACTION.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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OUR GUARANTEE.—Genuine Barrios Diamonds are guaranteed to retain their brilliancy forever; the mountings are heavy rolled plate and are warranted for five years.

What the Great Sarah Bernhardt says:
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SARAH BERNHARDT.

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"*While playing on the road I found Barrios Diamonds objects of great beauty and usefulness.*"
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BOSTON GARTER
Is the recognized
STANDARD for MEN'S WEAR.
Keeps the Stocking Free from Wrinkles
DOES NOT BIND
THE *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP
Lies flat to the leg. Does not tear the stocking, and will not unfasten accidentally.
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sample Pair by Mail { Silk, 50c. Cotton, 25c.
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Chocolates and Confections
Every piece a delicacy, done up in tempting style. Ask for them.
WHITMAN'S
INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE
is perfect in flavor and quality, delicious and healthful. Made instantly with boiling water.
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1816 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Titles are designed to overawe ignorance. Intelligence honors brains instead.—*Troy Press.*

"Why are you skeptical about the sincerity of that temperance speaker?" "Well, he tried to blow the foam off a glass of water."—*New York Journal.*

"Pa," said Little Willie, propounding his sixteenth question. "Well, my son?" "Pa, how'd the man who named the first bicycle know it was a bicycle?"—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

It isn't that one's family is more peculiar than all the rest of mankind; it's simply that one has the chance to know her family better than all the rest of mankind.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Angry parent—"Don't attempt to deny it, Edith; I saw you both plainly. How dare you receive his kisses?" *Collected daughter*—"I didn't, papa; I returned every one of them."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

He—"Carrie, you don't seem to care so much for me as you did when we were first married." *She*—"As for that matter, I don't think so much of my hat as I did when I got it, just before Easter."—*Boston Transcript.*

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To California and Back, 176 pp., 176 illustrations. 5 cts.
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are literary and artistic, and will make you better acquainted with the attractions of your own land.

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SECOND GIRL—"Yes, I know you were; but you needn't have talked so loud all through my best scenes."
FIRST GIRL—"Oh, but you must be mistaken, dear; it couldn't possibly have been I. I never talk in my sleep." —*Punch.*

ADMIRAL SAMPSON ON THE BRIDGE OF THE FLAGSHIP NEW YORK.
Size of Picture, 14x22 ins.

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TO YOU!

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for one year, we will send you this **Solid Silver Pin** and these six handsome **War Engravings** (all printed on plate paper, ready for framing) as a premium.

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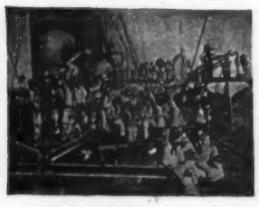

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Cut here and return Coupon properly filled out.

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NAMES OF PRIZE-WINNERS IN JUDGE'S PUZZLE CONTEST No. 16.

Those who were successful in solving the whole forty puzzles correctly are as follows (each of whom is entitled to a year's subscription to LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY):

F. D. H. Cobb, 37 Elwood Building, Rochester, N. Y.	Solutions mailed Sept. 13th, 6 P. M.
Jesse F. Grant, 1613 New Jersey Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.	" " " " "
W. S. Flinn, 2128 Grand St., Cincinnati, Ohio.	" " " " "
Louis Pryor, Elmwood Place, Ohio.	" " " " "
W. G. Hodge, 151 Stanton Ave., Springfield, Ohio.	" " " " "
D. M. Roth, 123 W. Pearl St., Cincinnati, Ohio.	" " " " "
E. E. Jackson, 1924 6th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.	" " " " "
Mrs. C. C. Strippel, 78 Grove St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	" " " " "
H. C. Schwemlein, 438 Walnut St., Cincinnati, Ohio.	" " " " "
V. G. Williams, 303 W. 68th St., Chicago, Ill.	" " " " "
W. C. Thomas, 11 Beckley St., Rochester, N. Y.	" " " " "
L. Woodward, 515 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.	" " " " "
L. J. Brengle, Bryn Mawr, Pa.	" " " " "
Mrs. Caroline B. Rose, Senickley, Alleghany Co., Pa.	" " " " 7 P. M.
F. A. Thompson, 186 Edgewood Ave, Chicago, Ill.	" " " 14th, 11:30 A. M.

THOSE WHO SOLVED THIRTY-NINE OF THE PUZZLES CORRECTLY.

To each of the following contestants is given a year's subscription to DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE:

G. T. Easten, 7 E. 46th St., New York City.	Solutions mailed Sept. 13th, 6 P. M.
Francis Raymond, 58 So. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.	" " " " "
Rollin Hills, Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, N. Y.	" " " " "
Stephen J. Maher, Highland Falls, Orange Co., N. Y.	" " " " "
C. W. Le Beau, 164 E. 53d St., New York City.	" " " " "
Emily C. Upton, Amherst, Mass.	" " " " "
Mrs. Albert F. Solbery, 694 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.	" " " " "
Charles F. Hall, 1163 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.	" " " " "
J. H. Manning, Ypsilanti, Mich.	" " " " "
Charles Kissell, 235 Broadway, Cincinnati, Ohio.	" " " " "
Mrs. C. C. Foster, 1702 West End Ave., Nashville, Tenn.	" " " " "
Miss M. E. Pope, 1311 Broad St., Nashville, Tenn.	" " " " "
J. J. Stewart, Lake View, N. Y.	" " " " "
William M. Jewell, 2531 Park Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.	" " " " "
Sallie A. Owens, 842 W. 8th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.	" " " " "

The correct answers to the forty puzzles of the Seventeenth Contest will be given in JUDGE No. 888, and the names of the successful contestants will appear in the number following, viz., No. 889.

The *last day for the receipt* of solutions in the *Seventeenth Puzzle Contest* is *September 24th.* They must all be in our hands before noon of that day.

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Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others Are Imitations.

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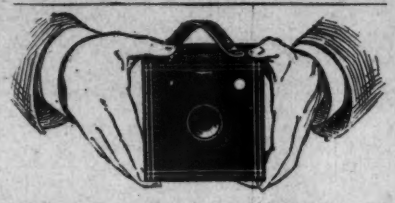

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Here are ten pictures. Each one represents the name of a former **Secretary of the United States Navy.** We have prizes to give as above to the most successful of our readers who solve these ten illustrations and **Thirty (30)** others, ten of which were published last week, and twenty which are to appear in the next two weeks.

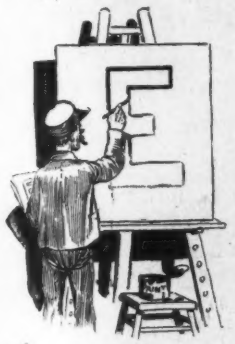
11 Hunter

12

13

14 Wood Leroy

15 Badger



16

17

18

19

20 Mason

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READ THESE DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY.

Write the solution underneath each picture, cut out sheet (**holding it until the fourth and last series of puzzles is published in JUDGE No. 887**), and write your name and address plainly on the bottom thereof; **then mail all four sheets, pinned together in the upper left-hand corner,** to the "JUDGE PRIZE-PUZZLE DEPT., 110 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK," in time to reach this office not later than one week from date of JUDGE No. 887. All solutions arriving later will be disqualified. You can send in as many answers as you please, providing you use a separate JUDGE puzzle sheet each time—no more than one solution of each picture is allowed on any one sheet. It is not necessary to send a second set of solutions to the whole forty puzzles in order to change your answer to any one or more of the puzzles; in other words, if in your opinion one or more of the pictures will bear different constructions, and you desire to submit each of these constructions as a part of your complete set of solutions, you can do so by using another sheet containing the particular picture or pictures in question. Thus sending two copies, say, of that sheet and one of each of the remaining sheets comprising the whole series, *all pinned together in the upper left-hand corner, as required above.* Be sure that you fully prepay postage in sending in solutions. The date of *mailing* your answers and not that of our *receiving* them is considered in governing the question of priority; the post-office mailing or dating-stamp on the envelope determining this point.

Note that the special mailing time restriction is revived herewith, and that Saturday, October 8th, at 6 P. M., is made the earliest day and hour with which solutions in this contest will be credited.

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